

## HAD BEGUN TO PROSPER.

A Pathetically Humorous Story Told of a Cumberland Mountain Farmer.

A writer in the Detroit Free Press tells a pathetically humorous story of a friend of his, Jack Negly, a Cumberland farmer. The writer had lent Jack a few dollars, with which to buy a pair of steers, and had received from him many visits of apology; for Jack was an honest man, and did not enjoy being in debt.

He was a renter, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By my advice, he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and I had not seen him for several months. When I did see him, at last, it was by accident as business called me into his neighborhood. As I rode past his place he hailed me from the corn-field and came out to the fence.

"Hello," I exclaimed. "Is this your farm?"

"Yes, and I jist come over to tell you, colonel, that I'll be ready to pay part of that claim uv your'n afore long."

"You must be doing well?"

"I think I'm doing fust-rate, and I'm powerful obleeged to you, colonel, fer headin' me this way."

"I'm always glad to help, if I can."

"I knowed that, colonel, and that's why I come away over here so fer frum home. Hit's kinder strange to me, but ez long ez I'm doin' ez well ez I am I'm a-goin' to stand hit."

"Are you making any money?"

Jim's face brightened perceptibly.

"No, I ain't, colonel," he replied, hopefully; "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life afore."

It struck me as rather odd at first, but upon reflection I concluded that Jim might have reason for his hopefulness.

## ANOTHER ICE PERIOD.

A Predicted Result of Cutting the Isthmus of Panama.

"The best scientific authorities predict dire effects from the cutting of a canal through either the Isthmus of Panama or Tehuantepec. The late George R. Marsh said of this that 'a new ice period might be occasioned by the withdrawal of so important a source of warmth from the northern zones,' and Sir John Herschel wrote: 'Were the Isthmus of Panama broken through there is no doubt that the whole climate of our island (Great Britain) would undergo a most notable deterioration.' The sum of \$9,000,000 has been voted by the legislature of the state of New York for improving the Erie canal system; the Hennepin canal has had \$1,200,000 spent on it, and work has stopped until new appropriations can be made. Matt Quay is using his influence for the construction of a ship canal from Pittsburgh to Lake Erie, to cost \$16,000,000, and a ship canal from Philadelphia to New York, besides advocating the expenditure of \$50,000,000 in canalizing the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. One of the most stupendous of these engineering works is the Chicago drainage canal, now in progress, which is to cut the 'divide' which bars the way between Chicago and the Mississippi river. The distance is only 30 miles between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, and one can easily see the startling nature of a union of the 'great lakes' and the 'father of waters.'"

## HUNG IN MIDAIR.

The Perilous Plight of a Soldier in Chinese Thibet.

An amusing story is told of the English officer who determined to enter Chinese Thibet by stratagem. He managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the guard.

On the following day, however, while the officer was journeying deeper into Thibet, the Thibetan soldiers overtook him, and informed him that as the country was unsafe because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveler was compelled to agree. In a few hours they came to a river, which was crossed by a rope bridge.

The Thibetans passed over first, in order to show that the bridge was safe, and then the official got into the noose and was pulled along by the Thibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling, and left the Englishman hanging in midair above the rushing torrent.

In vain the officer shouted to the Thibetans to pull. They merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed, and still the officer hung above the torrent. At last the Thibetans agreed to pull him back if he would leave Thibet immediately. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and took his departure from the forbidden land.

## THE BUCKET SHOP.

A Woman Who Wanted Large Lots of Buckets, But No Grain.

A well-known citizen who resides in Northwest Washington is a patron of a certain bucket shop, says the Washington Star. His wife was informed of the fact and accused him of it with so much directness that he could not deny it.

"You made \$200 on buckets in some shop, didn't you?" she demanded to know.

"Certainly, dear. You see the war in Cuba creates a great demand for buckets, and there is a place where you can give your orders and sell them again at a profit."

Nothing more was said, but the wife concluded to make some money on



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buckets and not let her husband know it. In some way she learned the location of the bucket shop, and going down town told who she was, and said:

"I want \$100 worth of buckets. The same kind my husband bought."

"It is a little risky to-day, madam," said the proprietor, who did not want to explain the operations of the place.

"I don't care," she urged. "Here's the money. I'll come after the buckets to-morrow."

The next day she appeared and was informed that the buckets had been bought and sold at \$100 advance, but that the supply was exhausted and they were going into the wheat and corn business until more could be manufactured.

"I don't want any wheat or corn," she said; "but ain't it mean. I can't buy any more buckets?" And the husband congratulates himself on how he succeeded in getting the bucket shop proprietor to stop his wife's dealings without revealing their nature, while she is a spring hat and a dress ahead.

## INDIAN STOICISM.

Choctaw Works Right Up to the Day of His Execution.

The stoicism of the North American Indian is proverbial. In the long ago when one tribe warred against another, Indian prisoners were accustomed to stand torture without flinching. The race may have degenerated, but its remarkable characteristic is still conspicuous. A story told by a western citizen to a Washington Star reporter furnishes a good illustration of the indifference with which even the Indian of to-day views death: "In the Choctaw Indian nation there is no jail in which convicted murderers are confined," said he. "When I first went to the Indian territory I settled in the Choctaw nation, and hearing that a certain Indian was an excellent hand on the ranch, I hunted him up and asked him if he would work for me. 'I will work until the 20th of next month,' he said. 'Why not longer?' I inquired. 'I am to be hanged the 21st,' was his reply, in an unconcerned way. I hired him, and upon inquiry learned that what he said was true. But one man has ever failed to return for hanging after he has been sentenced, and my Indian did not prove an exception to the rule. On the day before the execution was to take place he left as calmly as though going on a visit, and the hanging took place at the time appointed. Notwithstanding his approaching doom the Indian made one of the best ranchers I ever saw, and I regretted to lose him."

## HYPNOTIZED AND BURIED.

Morbid Londoners Are Witnesses of a Most Revolting Spectacle.

Morbid sentiment has apparently reached its height in England in a recent hypnotic exhibition at the Royal aquarium, at which the subject was literally buried alive and allowed to remain so for six days, declares the New York World. The hypnotized man was sealed up in a stout casket, and, in the presence of the spectators, lowered into a grave nine feet deep.

The lid of the casket was furnished with an aperture, and this connected with the shaft which led to the surface, making respiration possible, and also enabling spectators to view the face of the buried man.

At least seven feet of earth were shoveled on top of the coffin, and for the period of six days it was not disturbed.

On the seventh day the casket was dug up in the presence of a large crowd. The man when awakened was apparently none the worse for his experience.

The London Lancet, which prints the account of the distressing spectacle, comments on it, saying:

"It is difficult to imagine a more revolting experiment than this. Even granting that these trances have any use whatever—which we ourselves fail to admit—there can be no possible excuse for making them more horrible than they already are by burying the man."

"Any experiment it was desired to perform could have been done equally

well by sealing the man up in the box without going through the details of burying him and digging him up again. Moreover, under such circumstances, it is impossible to give him aid quickly should he need it, and, although accidents may be rare in hypnotism, their possibility is by no means to be neglected."

## INSULT TO INJURY.

Rejected Lover Was Afraid It Was to Be Added.

"I prize your friendship very highly, Mr. Spoonamore," the young woman said, with profound compassion in her manner, according to Tithbits, "but I have examined my own heart and it grieves me to have to say that any closer tie between us is impossible. It can never be. If you could know the pain it causes me to—"

"The pain it causes you!" he echoed. "What do you know of pain, Miss McGinnis? Listen! Asleep or awake, for five long weeks your image has been constantly before me. You have occupied all my thoughts, filled my heart and destroyed my appetite! I have ceased to take interest in the ordinary affairs of life. Devotion like mine would move the heart of a cast-iron statue; it excites only your pity. And you tell me that 'it can never be!' Friends!" he exclaimed with increasing bitterness.

"Friends! Will friendship restore to his normal condition a wretched being whose flesh has wasted away till even his washerwoman doesn't know him?"

"I am sorry Mr. Spoonamore," responded the young woman, gently, her fingers straying in a mechanical way over the piano, "but it is all I can offer you. And if—"

"Maud McGinnis!" he gasped, a wild light dilating his eyes, "I—I can bear the pain of your refusal, but do not, do not add insult to injury; do not spurn me from your presence to the tune of 'Get Your Hair Cut.'"

## Much Bean Porridge.

A family, residing in Lakeville, Conn., were visited by relatives residing some distance off. One of the visitors remarked that there had been a great quantity of bean porridge made in his mother's family; "enough," said he, "to float a 71-gun ship. Don't you think so, Uncle John?"—appealing to one of his relatives. "Yes, yes," replied that uncle; "and the ship could float 24 hours and not hit a bean."

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# ABSORBED

## BY THE CITY OF PHOENIX!

Such is the Condition of the

# Churchill Addition.

But, notwithstanding they are now in the city itself, there are a few lots for sale yet at prices corresponding with the "Sound Money Doctrine" of President Cleveland and his cuckoos, which means that kind of a dollar which will buy two dollars worth of property. These lots are near the new electric car line which is now in operation. The lots are in the city and their occupants do not need to ride into town, but the presence of electric street cars is popular and adds market value to the property. Inside of five years this will be business property. Buy a lot now for a residence and when business crowds you out the rents will support you in a house outside in some addition where you can keep a horse and drive into town and collect your rents. Terms,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cash  $\frac{1}{3}$  in one year,  $\frac{1}{3}$  in two years at 10 per cent interest.

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